

Are You an Athlete? See Page 7

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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Photo by Baker: Columbus.

Photo by Goss: Milwaukee.

A GOOD PAIR TO DRAW TO.

CISSY GRANT WITH THE MANDOLIN; THE OTHER BEAUTY IS BOBBIE VAN OSTEN.



RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, November 15, 1902

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VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Violet S. Allen reports success in her new act
of dancing imitations.Harry and Sadie Fields report making a hit
with the "Road to Ruin" Company.Newton Bros., comedy acrobats, report success
in this, their second, season with Gorton's Minstrels.Herbert Swift, the minstrel, has signed with
Leon Washburn's Big Minstrels, to work the end and
do his specialty.Boyd and Ivy Burrowes are in their eighth
week with the National Stock Company, being featured
in specialties, also playing parts.James Weltzell, club juggler and hoop roller,
has added several new features to his act with success.
He is with the Barlow Minstrels.Clever Conkey, club and comedy juggler, has
closed a five weeks' season of fair dates with the Jack
Hoeffler Show, and is now playing through the
Northwest.M. A. Acker, musician and fancy rifle and pis-
tol shot, closed a season of twenty-two weeks with C. O.
Taylor's Congress of Novelties, and has joined Colvin's
Merry-makers.Ollie Young and Brother, the hoop rollers with
Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels, were presented
with some beautiful floral pieces during the engage-

Photos on this page by Chamberlin, Trouille, France

MAUDE CASWELL.

ment of the company at their home, Columbus, Ohio.
They also tendered the entire company a banquet
after the performance.Miss Secur's Spanish dance, with which she
opens her act, has been very well received, and the new
fire and smoke effects recently added to her fire dance
are extremely realistic.

CHORUS LADY EARN \$18 PER

AND BY ECONOMIZING

OWNS A HOUSE AND STABLE

How a Jealously Guarded Professional Secret Leaked Out on
Broadway the Other Afternoon.

THE GUM-CHEWING CHORUS GIRLS OF UTAH.

They Were New to the Business and Would Have Been a Rare Treat for the Blase
Theatre-goers of Gotham Town."What do you suppose I care for my salary?" re-
marked the wide lady who was in the chorus. "I get
\$18 a week and that wouldn't pay for my Turkish cig-
arettes. I go to and from the theatre in a brougham
of my own, and I live in my own house on Forty-fifth
street."Pooh, pooh," and she made a wry face at the
severe-looking woman who was handing out tracts on
Broadway and who had stopped her on the Casino
corner."But you should reform," remarked she of the
tracts. "Remember there is another life."

"This is good enough for me."

"But your mode of living is questionable. You say
you earn only \$18 a week, yet you seem to be living at
the rate of \$5,000 a year.""Five thousand a year!" shrieked the "perfect
lady." "Five thousand a year. Why, my good
woman, do you know that five thousand a year
wouldn't buy my dresses. I think my gloves and
shoes cost that. You must be dreaming. I couldn't
think of trying to get along on \$5,000 a year."

"But think where you are going?"

"To Europe, as usual, next summer, with Charlie."

The woman looked horrified, while the Venus who
adorns the chorus and whose photographs are on new
brands of cigarettes, laughed gleefully and added:"Charlie is my husband, you know. His daddy is a
banker, who doesn't do anything all day long but send
checks to Charlie and me, and then, besides, you see,
Charlie has about a million in his sock. That's how I
get along on \$18 a week," she said, nonchalantly.

"How do I look?"

"Oh, I see," remarked the woman, and she passed
on her way looking rather nonplussed."Good, old Broadway overlooked a bet," remarked a
theatrical man the other night, "when it missed book-
ing that Utah opera. The show had the weirdest
chorus that ever sashayed across a stage. They were
all young Mormon girls, bred in the faith, and had had
no previous stage experience. They wore their modest
costumes awkwardly and every second one tripped
over her feet or sidestepped into her companions in the
attempt to be fay-like.""I shall never forget a scene that came off at the
time when a scuffer is struck by lightning. One of the
girls was chewing gum, and in this scene it stuck to
her hand, as a 'chaw of gum' sometimes will, and her
distressful efforts to extricate her fingers from the
sticky mass were convulsing. Just about the time that
the thunderbolt was to do business she put her
hand behind her and rubbed it vigorously. The
thunderbolt and a howl of laughter came together.
The leading man was so angry that he could have
cheerfully passed the offender a whole handful of
thunderbolts.""During the afternoons they used to line up in front
of the theatre and chew gum. The elders in charge
of the flock would permit no flirting, so all the poor girls
could do was to chew gum and see the folks go by.
That chorus certainly was a laugh. I am told that the

SUPPLEMENTS FOR FRAMING

Large half-tone pictures of the champion boxers,
famous athletes and actresses. Choice of six for 50c.
POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Franklin Sq., N. Y. City.Cherry Sisters made good for a time in New York, and
I am inclined to think that this chorus would have
filled any theatre in town for several nights. But back
to Salt Lake City for all of them."New York certainly overplayed itself in not bring-
ing that show to Broadway."A nice looking soubrette, who belongs to Gus Hill's
"Happy Hooligan" Company, was with the show

"Is my Suit all right?"

when it played in Boston recently. She is noted for
having a defective and troublesome memory. Previous
to retiring a few nights ago she put her jewelry in an
umbrella for safe keeping.Evidently she slept so heavily she forgot where she
had put her valuables, and not finding them, she
sounded an alarm. All the bellboys were searched, one
was placed under arrest, and everybody in the hotel
felt very uncomfortable.She started out to interview a detective agency and
as it was raining lightly she raised her umbrella. A
shower of jewelry fell to the sidewalk.After gathering up her valuables, she drove to the
station house and secured the release of the bellboy. He
threatens a suit for damages.The musical director of the Silver Slipper Company
lost a valuable bull pup the other day. The reward he
offered caused some of the girls of the company to
keep their eyes open for the missing dog. On a recent
afternoon a couple of girls were giving the Rialto a
treat when one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, there's Sport!"

Without more ado she captured the pup and started
for home and reward.She had not got far, when a "race-horsey" individual
pulled up alongside, and asked:

"Say, Sadie, is that your dog?"

"Yes, it is," snapped Sadie.

"Wot's 'is noime?"

"Sport," said Sadie.

"Huh!" snorted the unfeeling wretch. "No, it ain't.
It ain't that kind of a dog."

And with a twinkle of his eye he said to the pup:

"Come, Lucy!"

And Lucy came.

"There's a pretty good grind on a woman I know,
and her positively first and only appearance on the
stage," said a man the other day. "It wouldn't have
been so funny if she weren't the most straightlaced in-
dividual you can fancy, and because on the night
chosen for her debut her greataunt lay dead, having
left her a fortune, and her mother was ill of paralysis.
But the cream of the whole thing was the way she
took it.""The play was a big melodrama that was making
a great hit, and which has in it a racing scene with the
populace cheering the winner. The woman happened
to know an actress in the piece, and having watched at
the bedside of her mother for more than a week, and
being further depressed by her aunt's death, she deter-
mined to do quite the most devilish thing she could
think of, and go to the theatre and see the actress in
her dressing room. She felt quite certain no one wouldhear of it, and that everything was altogether safe.
"It happened to be a warm evening, so she put on a
light gown and a picture hat, and with a last thought
of her aunt she sneaked from the house of death and
went to the star's dressing room.
"Her little visit quite cheered her up, and when the

"Now for a Dip in the Briny."

actress was called for the racing scene the guest ac-
cepted an invitation to see it from the wings. To go
behind the scenes was such an altogether new thing
that she felt she really was a 'sport,' and she followed
to the edge of the 'set.' There she stood while the
actress went on, and from her post she saw the crowd
assemble, women in light frocks, and men wearing
sporting clothes you could have heard above a subway
blast. Beside her was a little door which she did not
notice until one of the stage hands coming along asked
her to move as she was in the way of a light."Certainly," quoth the woman, afraid to go in the
wrong direction. "But where?""Why, there," said the man, pointing to the little
door. Without any hesitation she turned and went
through. The man closed it behind her, and no sooner
had he done so than she saw she was on the stage, hold-
ing that side all alone. On the other was the cheering
populace, and for an instant the stage reeled under
her. As she saw herself facing rows of full chairs
and realized that she was in plain view of probably
some persons who knew her, she at the same time
recollected her aunt. She assured me afterward that
in that split second she lived the whole of a lifetime,
and that she would prefer to jump into a hoghead of
molasses rather than go through it again."And yet I think she did rather a clever thing. Her
impulse was to bolt back to where she had come from,
but instead she walked calmly over to the crowd and
lost herself in it. She couldn't be seen from the front,
but she didn't look to find out. Her actress friend saw
her and almost lost her cue in astonishment. And
when the curtain was rung down the straightlaced
woman was waving her hand as high as any of them,
and though she didn't cheer she had her lips working
as though she did.""She really saved the situation by doing what she
did, for had she bolted off everyone in the house would
have known something was wrong. As it was, if any
one noticed her they thought she was a 'supe' coming
on late, and by great good fortune none of her friends
saw her. But she is seriously thinking of writing a
book—'Once Upon the Stage, by One Who Knows.'"

A Warning!

A Man giving
his name as
Joseph Riley,
representing
himself to be connected with the POLICE
GAZETTE, has been collecting money from
business men of Paterson, N. J., for sub-
scriptions to this paper, he is a swindler and
ought to be arrested. TO BE ON THE
SAFE SIDE ALL MONEY SHOULD BE
SENT DIRECT TO RICHARD K. FOX,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.The other night a Casino colored maid was chided by
a poor but honest chorus girl for addressing her too
familiarly. The rebuke was so full of stings that it
ranked in the dusky hide of the servitor. Later in the
evening a sense of her wrongs caused the maid to start
out to "rough house" the dressing rooms. She was
running amuck, and scattering the terrified Caucasian
beauties to the right hand and the left, when a couple
of husky stagehands, armed with braces, brought her
raid on the chorus to a swift and calamitous end. I
didn't see this, but Gwendoline, who tells me every
thing, did, and she says the way that bolsters black
person scattered blondes and brunettes was a caution.
Gwendoline, who is a lady by instinct and by breeding,
took no part in the affray, but merely looked on from
a distance.

IF YOU TAKE A DRINK

Occasionally, you will confer a favor on the POLICE
GAZETTE by asking the man who mixes your
drinks if he is trying for the POLICE GAZETTE \$75.00
Medal for the Championship and Prizes in Gold.

SMALL ITEMS AND CHARACTER PORTRAITS OF STAGE PROFESSIONALS ARE PUBLISHED FREE OF CHARGE

FLY GREEN GOODS MEN==

HOW THEY HUSTLE AND

SOME TRICKS THEY TURN

They Think Their Occupation is Legitimate, But if it is It's a Mighty Perilous One to Follow.

HOW A BULLET FINISHED ONE OPERATOR.

A Few Sensational Incidents of the Game, Including a Story About Two Swedes Who Wanted the Bank Roll.

There was a big show at the Madison Square Garden recently and, as usual, upon such occasions, a pair of Central Office detectives were guarding the entrance. Along about 9 o'clock, a crook, familiarly known as "Jimmy," sauntered along. He was dressed in the height of fashion and looked like the real thing. He had an air of confidence about him and bowed with mocking politeness to the officers.

Notwithstanding his confidence they were not inclined to acknowledge Jimmy as a member of their social set. Instead of meeting his advances in a friendly spirit one of them tapped him on the shoulder and said menacingly:

"Don't you know enough to keep away from here?" On previous occasions Jimmy had listened with a cringing and dejected mien to that same question, but now he looked at the officers with that half plying, half indignant expression which had many times stood him in good stead when a victim had grasped his hand and demanded: "How dare you, sir, attempt to purloin my purse?"

"Gentlemen, may I ask to be informed as to this unseemly conduct on your part?" he asked.

One of the detectives finally caught his breath and recovered from the surprise caused by this answer. He promptly gave Jimmy a violent yank that landed that worthy in a corner of the lobby and blurted out:

"You crook! You've got the nerve of a wardman!" "Sir," Jimmy replied, "you are mistaken. I am a legitimate business man, solely bent on the enjoyment of the evening."

"You in legitimate business?" said the detective, incredulously. "What business?"

"The green goods business, gentlemen," replied Jimmy, with exultant anticipation of the total collapse of his captors.

Within a half hour Jimmy was using his crush hat as a pillow on one of the hard benches at police headquarters and wondering what they expected an old crook to do in order to be classed as a legitimate business man.

There was the case of "Poodle," another ex-pick-pocket, who had received a diploma from the king of the green goods men to act as one of his agents.

In a short time "Poodle" accumulated upward of \$70,000 and opened a saloon in one of the large downtown office buildings. His business flourished, because all of the green goods gang patronized his place and spent money freely. But his success brought a well-developed attack of that insidious disease that has caused trouble to many a man endowed with superior intelligence, namely, big head.

Perhaps he had ideas of breaking into society or perhaps his dignity was offended when he heard one of his old-time friends call out from one of the little booths that lined the wall, "Here, Poodle, bring another bottle." Be that as it may, one day "Poodle" in a little speech told the green goods operators that as he had a good trade among respectable business men it didn't look well to have them around.

That was the beginning of the downfall of "Poodle," and his end was sudden. It was not long before he discovered that the loss of the green goods trade made a big difference in his receipts and he put an advertisement in the daily papers offering to sell out.

The green goods men discovered this and sent a man to "Poodle" to buy the place. The place was finally purchased from "Poodle" for \$22,500.

"Poodle" received that amount in notes due in six months and indorsed by a man rated at more than \$100,000. Before the notes fell due the man failed, the place had been resold and "Poodle" never got a cent. In the meantime he had tried to blossom out as a stock speculator and awoke one fine morning to the fact that his room rent was due and that he had no money.

"There were many curious incidents in the green goods business," said a former operator. "The death of Tony Martin was due to the gross carelessness of a man we had with us who had acquired the sobriquet of 'Coffee and Cakes,' owing to the fact that that diet was the only one any of the boys ever saw him eat. He was very avaricious and would not trust his own mother where money was concerned."

"Tony Martin had steered two victims from Pennsylvania and as they were both hard-looking customers it was decided to leave one in a small restaurant in charge of Martin, while Coffee and Cakes took the other to the joint to transact business. After the business had been transacted, Coffee and Cakes was to escort the victim back to the restaurant, so as to see that he did not open the box until Martin got away."

"Instead of doing this Coffee and Cakes left his man two or three blocks from the restaurant, while he himself hurried away in search of Walter, who had done the turning, so anxious was he to get his share."

"The sucker no sooner found himself alone than he broke open the box on the street and discovered that he had been robbed. He then drew a gun, and, walking into the restaurant, shot Martin in the head. Martin died shortly afterward. The suckers lay in jail for a long time, but were finally acquitted."

"Coffee and Cakes went out fishing some time

afterward in a small catboat with some friends. The boat upset and he was the only one drowned.

"That shooting scrape put a damper on the 'spud business,' as it was called among the boys, for quite a while; but almost the first men we tried to beat when we started again came near making serious trouble. They can thank the police if they are alive to-day. This is how it happened:

"As I was one of the confidential men connected with the king of the business I was generally sent after

New York and planted them in a cheap hotel. I then sought my people and explained things to them, adding that the trick didn't look right. But after talking the matter over we decided to take chances, and I was instructed to bring them to the joint, which I did.

"We made the usual play; the bank roll was all spread out on the desk, \$10,000 of it, and Walter was going along in his sing-song voice describing the merits of the goods and descending on the best way to get rid of them, how to make them look old, etc.

"I was watching our two prospective victims, as I was convinced that their movements boded no good to the bank roll. They were watching me and Walter alternately.

"Suddenly each man drew both hands from his outside coat pockets and attempted to throw red pepper in our eyes. I saw the movement, and instinctively threw my hands out to grab what I expected to be a gun. My hands struck those of the man nearest to me and the red pepper was dashed back into his eyes.

"But Walter was not so fortunate. He received a goodly portion in both eyes. Walter and my man were howling with pain. The Swede who threw the pepper at Walter made a dash to gather up the money spread upon the desk, but I was upon him too soon. I drew my gun and placed the muzzle against his head, but, fortunately, it missed fire. I then hurried the weapon with all my strength full in his face.

"In the meantime 'Scar-faced Jack' who was doing the ringing, rushed in from the back room and fired his revolver at one of the Swedes. The shot brought a crowd to the door in a second. I shouted to him to get away through the rear with the bank roll. He swept it into a waste basket and vanished over back fences, losing over \$800 on the way.

"In a second the door was broken open and four or five citizens with three policemen dashed in, while a crowd blocked the street. Here is where our quick wit saved us.

"I remembered there was a pack of cards in the desk, with which we used to play poker to while away the



UNCLE SAM'S BOXERS.

Standing: A. Anderson, 125 pounds; J. Johnson, 138 pounds; J. Cody, 140 pounds; Sitting: C. Gomte, 160 pounds; L. Vaughn, 165 pounds. Brooklyn Navy Yard.

big fish. We received a wire from Indiana stating that one of our prospective customers desired to invest \$2,000. Scenting something good, I was sent after him.

"No sucker was ever brought directly into the city. He was instructed to go to some town within easy distance of New York. This was done so that in case he didn't seem desirable the steerer could drop him and he would never see the goods.

"This particular sucker was instructed to go to a hotel at Long Branch. Because of the amount he wished to invest we figured out that he was a business man of genteel appearance. I went early to Long Branch, in fact, a day before he was due, so that I would not by any chance miss him, and so head off a certain class of people we called cheaters, who followed the business of stealing suckers. That is, they never sent out any mail of their own, but received information from traitors in our own camp, which sometimes enabled them to get to the destination of the sucker and swindle him before the regular steerer came along.

"Our friend from Indiana arrived on time, but when I went up to his room, prepared to meet a gentleman, what was my surprise to see there two raw-boned Swedes, dressed in their working clothes. I was able to get very little information from them. They spoke very broken English, and the burden of their conversation was: 'Have you got the money with you?'

Suspecting something was wrong, I brought them to

time when things were slack. Hastily securing these, I dropped them on the floor.

"The policemen with drawn revolvers demanded to know the trouble. With a hasty glance at the cards and a few bills lying on the floor, I explained we had been playing seven-up for a few dollars and the game broke up in a fight. Walter, who was not badly injured, took up the cue; the Swedes were too scared to speak at all, and the way Walter and I kept firing con stories into those coppers was a caution.

"In the meantime Scar-faced Jack had got away to headquarters with the bank roll, and the king, always quick-witted, rushed to the joint. Taking in the situation from what he heard as he worked his way to where we stood in a little group, he dashed up to the policemen and, apparently excited, exclaimed, pointing to the two trembling Swedes:

"Officers, these two men are my friends, and they have been robbed at cards by these two men," pointing at Walter and me.

"The poor Swedes were too scared to speak and stood trembling in a corner. At the king's denunciation the coppers turned their attention to Walter and me. In the meantime the king took advantage of the excitement and hustled the two Swedes away in a cab, drove them to the railroad station and shipped them home, having to pay their fares, as they had about \$3 between them. They had planned to get the bank roll and go to Sweden with it. This they confided to the king, who assured them that he was a detective and would send for them when our trial came up.

"Walter and I were locked up over night, but when we were arraigned in the morning the policemen couldn't produce the victims and we were discharged."

ATHLETIC GIRLS

OF BANGOR, ME.,

SCARED BY MOUSE

And Through it They Lost the Basketball Championship.

HORRID MAN A JOKER.

Turned the Little Animal Loose When They Were at Lunch.

The young women's basketball team of the Bangor, Me., high school has been defeated in a match game by the girls from Waterville. The high school girls have been the champions of the region, and their defeat needs explanation. After all, it is simply given.

Waterville's athletic girls did not arrive in Bangor on time. After waiting a couple of hours for them the high school girls decided to have lunch, so they went to a restaurant and were served in a room just in the rear of the main dining hall.

In the main room a man, name not given, was eating lunch. Only a portiere separated him from the basketball players. He heard them chatting and laughing and an idea struck him. Pushing out on the sidewalk he met McGoolley, a bootblack.

"Do you know where you can get me a live mouse?" asked the man. "I'll pay you half a dollar for one." "Sure," replied McGoolley. "I'll get you a dozen at the price."

But the man desired only one, and this was secured for him. It was in a paper bag.

Into the restaurant went the mouse and the man, and the latter's fell purpose.

"Oh, I'm just sure we shall win this afternoon," one of the girls was saying when the man let the mouse escape from the bag and into the back room.

In less time than it takes to tell, the basketball team was transformed into a mass of shrieking feminine humanity. One girl gathered her skirts about her and leaped upon the table, while others contented themselves with jumping upon chairs.

Several waiters rushed in and the mouse hurried out of existence. But not before he had got on the nerves of the high school maids and rendered them unfit to play their usual game.

That's why the Waterville girls won.

Our Halftone Photos.

Abdul Drameh is an attendant at the Elysee Palace Hotel, Paris. He is popular with the many patrons of that place, with whom he is a great favorite.

Capt. Charles H. Pertner is one of the most popular members of the Patterson Wheelmen of Baltimore, Md. He weighs 250 pounds and is an expert wheelman.

The members of the baseball team of Troop D, Tenth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Robinson, Neb., are all good players and hold the record for heavy batting in the Northwest.

The husky sailors shown in this issue are all boxers, and clever ones, too. They are on the U. S. S. Kearsarge at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and are always ready to don the mitts.

Johann Lauener, of Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland, is one of the most efficient and reliable Alpine guides in that country. He is a prominent member of the Swiss Alpine Club. During his perilous career he has saved many lives in the mountains.

The Ogden (Utah) Baseball Club has won the pennant five seasons and is a popular team. The names of the players are as follows: 1. Ferris 3b. 2. Bluth rf. 3. Hansen c. 4. Thomas p. 5. Clark 1b. 6. Gimlin cf., manager and captain. 7. McCafferty p. 8. Nagel lf. 9. Casey 2b. 10. Berry ss.

The baseball champions of Fort Monroe, Va., are shown on another page. Out of twenty-one games played in the seven-club league, inter-company, they have won twenty. Those in the picture are: 1. Carver ss. 2. Trembley rf. 3. Ringwald p. 4. Dromville lf. 5. Johnson mgr. 6. O'Leary 2b. 7. Pike 3b. 8. Master Shea mascot. 9. Lawson 1b. 10. Davis c. 11 and 12. Desmond and Craig substitutes.

It would be a difficult matter to find a better football team than the Oros of Asbury Park, N. J. They are unquestioned champions who are only too anxious to defend the title against all comers. They play a sharp, fast, clean game, and for team work they are the equals of any eleven men who ever tore up a gridiron, not even barring the university men. Notwithstanding the fact that they are lightweights they play everybody that comes along, and it isn't so very long ago that they "trimmed" a team from Princeton which "Bosey" Reiter coached and took down to beat them. Here are their names: Al Mintzer, Bob Heigt, J. Letts, Howard White, S. Cook, Nate Mayo, Al Davidson, Dick Watson, Lou Bennett, J. Applegate, C. Bearmore, W. Bolderback and L. Godfrey, captain.

LEWIS HAD ENOUGH.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Fall River (Mass.) Athletic Association on Oct. 16, George Ashley, of Fall River, and James Lewis, of Chelsea, were to have gone six rounds, but Ashley had so much the better of it that the referee stopped the contest after three rounds. Martin Canole, of Fall River, defeated Thomas Devine, of Boston, in six rounds.

THE BARTENDER'S CHAMPIONSHIP

The man who sends in the best original drink gets it. There will be other prizes, too, and the contest this season promises to be one of the best. See page 11.

RECIPES FOR BARBERS

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" is one of the greatest books of its kind published. Just issued. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AMERICAN ATHLETIC WORLD-SUPREMACY YOU SHOULD READ AND STUDY PAGE 7



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

FLEUR DE LIS.

ACTRESS, OF COURSE, AND THE NAME IS NOT HER REAL ONE.



Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.

THE THOMPSON SISTERS.

A PAIR OF CHARMING AND TALENTED SINGERS AND GRACEFUL DANCERS WHO ARE HEADLINERS IN WESTERN VAUDEVILLE HOUSES.



Photo by Gove, Milwaukee.

LEONA THURBER.

SHE IS A SINGER WHO IS ASSISTED BY TWO CLEVER PICKANINNIES.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

ACROBATIC GIRLS.

ELLA, ANNETA, MARIE AND ROYETTA POTTER, WHO DO CLEVER WORK WITH THE FOREPAUGH AND SELLS BROTHERS CIRCUS.



SIGNORITA EL SALTO.

PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS THE MEXICAN EQUILIBRISTIC MARVEL.



OGDEN BALL TOSSERS.

THEY HAVE BEEN UTAH PENNANT WINNERS FOR FIVE SEASONS AND ARE EXPERTS AT THE GAME.



COAST ARTILLERYMEN.

CRACK PLAYERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH COMPANY WHO ARE THE CHAMPIONS OF FORT MONROE, VA.



Photo by J. B. Wilson.

CAPT. C. H. PERTNER.

POPULAR MEMBER OF THE PATTERSON WHEELMEN, BALTIMORE.



THEY ARE ALL SPORTS.

THE LIMERICK HIGHBINDERS, A UNIQUE ORGANIZATION WITH HEADQUARTERS AT THE BROPHY HOUSE, HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.



ALL HEAVY BATTERS HERE.

THE FORT ROBINSON, NEB., BASEBALL TEAM WHO HOLD THE RECORD FOR HEAVY HITTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

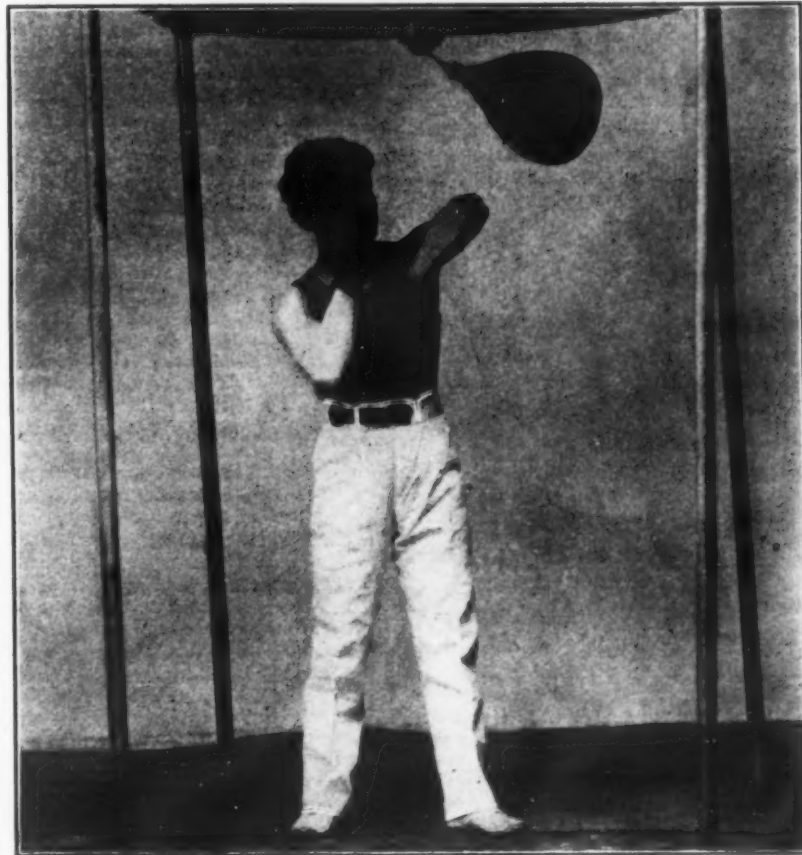


Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

GEORGE PAOSSL

A CLEVER YOUNG BAG PUNCHER WHO HAS BEEN EXHIBITING IN THE WESTERN PARKS.

CALLOW COLLEGE BOYS

LOADED WITH THE LONG GREEN

TRIMMED POKER SHARPS

They Looked Easy Money and Seemed Anxious to Lose, But They Managed to Hold Big Hands.

THE LAMBS IN THIS STORY WERE NOT FLEECE.

They Reversed the Usual Order of Things, Strange to Relate, and Sent the Soldiers of Fortune Penniless Out Into the Streets.

"It was me for the money all day yesterday," remarked a hot sport as he stood in front of the Metropole. "In the first place I picked up a little wad in Wall street on coal stocks going up and I picked three winners at the track in the afternoon. I wound up the day with a swell dinner and we hadn't finished the cigarettes when a messenger brought me a note from Billy, to say that there was a game of poker on for the special delectation of two Harvard men that couldn't find any convenient way near home to get rid of all the money their fond parents insisted on sending 'em. He was keeping a seat for me, but he couldn't promise to keep it long.

"Well, naturally, you couldn't see me for dust, driving down to the hotel, and when I reached the room and saw the layout, I wouldn't have sold that seat for a thou'. Billy had caught that red-headed stock broker—you know him,"—the other man nodded—"for the fifth seat, and the two Harvard men were there all right. Say, them two wa'n't any plated goods. They were the originals.

"One was the Charley Horse and the other was the Willy Boy, and they must ha' been the ones that made the parts famous. All that Charley Horse seemed to be doing was to try to look intelligent, with the betting eight to one against, and Willy Boy had three-sheet posters all over the walls.

"It was a hot night and he had his coat and vest off and his sleeves rolled up so you could see his diamond bracelet, and the photograph of his chorus girl done on his skin and hand-painted afterward, just next to his vaccination mark. Charley was it.

"Do you know there was just a minute when I was mean enough to begrudge the whack to Billy. He looked so easy I wanted to hog it, and I reckon that was what hoodooed the graft. Course, I wouldn't ha'



Photo by Schmoker: Interlaken, Switzerland.

JOHANN LAUENER.

Noted Alps Guide, Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland.

done Billy no dirt, but there was just that streak o' yellow that made me think of it. I didn't think it was in me.

"It was table stakes for a thousand apiece to start. They were making the game when I came in, and the stock broker wanted to know if that would be too heavy for me. He said it nasty, too.

"I never did like him, and I knew he had me down for a piker because I made a beef when he sold me out on a little deal without giving me a chance to make good on my margin, which he easily could have done.

So I says: 'Make it a million, if you like,' and I flashed my wad.

"It was bigger than his, but we all knew his check was good for anything he'd sign. As for the Harvard men, they could comb money out of their hair, but I wasn't rattled, though I knew Billy was leaning on me. As I said, it had been me for the money all day.

"We hadn't played two rounds when the first shock came. Willy Boy opened a Jackpot for the size of it, and Billy boosted it. Charley Horse laid down, and me, having a pat of tens full, stayed.

"There didn't seem to be any sense in raising again. The stock broker was still to hear from, and Willy Boy was more likely to stay against one raise than two.

"Well, the stock broker came in and Willy Boy made good. It was picking money off the trees where it grows, and it was bothering me how to get a call after it came to me to raise it after the draw.

"The way I figured it was that I'd better look foolish and study a lot before standing pat, and then put up my pile after studying some more. They might think I was bluffing. So that was what I did, and I reckon it was pretty good poker, at that.

"There was something doing, though. Willy Boy had first draw, for the stock broker was dealing, and he took his time. Finally he says:

"I'll split openers. Give me three cards, and he laid a chip on his discard to show after.

"Of course, there wasn't but one thing to think. It was plain he'd opened on two small pair and was drawing to one of 'em.

"Well, Billy took two cards, and kind o' looked over at me. I didn't pass no signal, for I knowed he know enough to leave it to me when he saw me stand pat. And the stock broker, he took one.

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip without looking at his draw, and Billy lingered. I followed my programme and it was up to Willy Boy to contribute if he thought I was bluffing, for the stock broker laid down.

"He didn't say a word, but he shoved his pile forward, and Billy had a chance to think. He still had his three kings, and it struck him as good poker to call. I'd played my part well, it seems, and he sized me for a bluff, so his pile dropped in the maelstrom.

"Say, Willy Boy had split his openers all right. They was jacks, and he'd taken three cards to the jack and king of spades. And the three he caught was the queen, ten and nine o' spades.

"It was Billy and me to the boneyard, for neither of us had more than a few scattering reds left, Willy Boy's pile being almost as big as ours. But there wasn't anything about that sort of play to scare a colt.

"A man that would pay a stack of reds to draw to two spades was the kind of a player you go looking for with dark lanterns, and not even college boys' luck was likely to give him a straight flush again in the same sitting.

"It made me play a little closer, though. Billy was banking and I noticed he put a five-hundred-dollar bill in the bankroll against the thousand dollars in chips that he bought, so I knew he was shy and I'd have to make good for him if he lost again, but even that didn't scare me. My roll was still big enough to call for an elastic band 'round it to keep it together, and I knew Billy.

"I knew the stock broker, too, and I didn't feel as if I needed any introduction to Willy Boy after he'd made the kind o' play he did, even if he did win. The man I wasn't acquainted with was Charley Horse, and it didn't seem to me that anybody need be the seventh son of a seventh son to read the palm of his hand. It was spread out all over his face. You know you fool yourself, sometimes, knowing too much.

"Well, Charley Horse he seemed to get excited, seeing what Willy Boy had done, and he started in, drawing to nothing, and getting nothing, till he bought again. It did sure seem like all that was needed was a fair run o' the cards an' a little good, sound, poker sense to fetch Billy an' me out o' the game with an oil shine apiece.

"Well, there didn't seem to be much the matter with the cards for the next half hour or so. There wasn't any killing, and if everybody had been playing there wouldn't have been anything lost or won.

"But say, those two were the easiest ever, and the stock broker lost all sense of propriety, reachin' out after the chips they were scatterin' 'round. Whenever they'd bet, either one of 'em, he'd call, knowin' the chances was he had 'em beat, and if either Billy or me had anything like a hand all we had to do was to call, or boost if we happened to be strong.

"Honest, there wasn't any call for science. All you had to do was to sit under the tree and wait for the coconuts to drop in your lap.

"It was too bright to last. Charley Horse averaged about two blues a minute, and Willy Boy wasn't far behind, so, as the best the stock broker could do was to

BOOKS THAT SPORTS NEED.
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stay even, it was us for the coin till we got careless. "Then the lightning struck again. Charley Horse was in every time, no matter what it cost, and taking down about one pot in twenty-five, till you'd ha' thought he'd gone mad, but all he did was yawn, and finally complained that the game was too slow. "What's the good playin' for beans?" he said. "It



Photo by Bonnard Barratt: Ostende, France.

ABDUL DRAMAN.

Popular Attendant Elysee Palace Hotel, Paris.

takes too long to lose your money this way. Let's take off the roof." And he laid his roll on the table.

"The stock broker, he was game, but he hadn't over about a thousand in his pocket.

"I'll go you," he said, "if you'll take my check." And we all said that was satisfactory.

"Willy Boy said he didn't mind. He hadn't a great deal on his person, he said, but he could get anything he wanted from the house, and he'd just as soon play out under the sky as any other way.

"Billy said all he asked for was a show for his pile, and he'd keep with the procession as long as he could, so that fetched it up to me, and I didn't want anything better. My wad was as big as Charley Horse had flashed, and I pulled it out.

"It's all I have," I told 'em, "but I'll go for that."

"Say, that game lasted just one more hand. At least, I don't know. Maybe there's three of 'em playing yet, but Billy and I came out in the cool of the morning, looking for air, before the cards were shuffled again.

"It wasn't any phony deal, at that, for I had the deck myself, and I don't fight cripples with knives. It would ha' been rubbin' it in to stack the cards against that outfit.

"It was a Jackpot, and Willy Boy opened it for the size of it, which was an even hundred. Charley Horse came in.

"Billy stayed, having a pair of aces, and I found a four flush, which was good enough, with the stock broker still to hear from, so I threw in my hundred. The stock broker studied a while, but finally came in and called for three cards.

"Willy Boy took of course, Charley Horse only took one. Billy, three and drew to his aces, and I filled my flush, king high.

"Willy Boy threw in a white chip, and Charley Horse pushed his wad into the pot without looking at his draw.

"Billy called for his pile, having caught the third ace, and I showed mine. The stock broker laid down, and we had to count up. It proved that my pile was about four hundred bigger than Charley Horse's, and he fumbled 'round in his clothes for another five-hundred-dollar bill.

"Willy Boy had shown his openers and laid down, and Charley Horse couldn't raise again, because I was all in, and, of course, Billy wasn't in it. But he called, and even then I was sure of the pot.

"Well, Charley Horse had—two pairs of sixes!

"After we reached the street I found about six dollars in change in my pockets and I went 'round to Canfield's and called the turn once for that, so I had pocket money enough for the day, but I'm not looking for those automobiles now.

"There ain't much monotony about it, is there? But my! how it keeps you guessing."

Young Parker, of Brooklyn, and "Kid" Casey, of Jersey City, were to have been the contestants in a private bout pulled off in a lonely part of New Jersey recently, but Casey failed to put in his appearance, so "Kid" Fagan, of Jersey City, was substituted, and they fought ten rounds to a draw.

COLORED BOXER

WHEN WINNING

PUT HIMSELF OUT

How the Tables Were Turned in a New Orleans Ring.

ONE MAN ALMOST OUT

The Sure Winner Rushed, Missed and Butted a Post---All Over.

"It is often the unexpected that happens in a prize ring," said a veteran sporting man the other day. "The chance blow and the 'hit me now' proposition are of frequent occurrence, but the most ridiculous termination of a prize fight I ever saw, or ever heard of, was in New Orleans. It was a fight between a pair of lightweight negroes, and each had a considerable following. Brown, a city fighter, was always a favorite over Jenkins, with whom he was matched. I will never forget the meeting. From the first round it was all Brown. He fairly smothered Jenkins in every clash, and at the end of the first round his backers were shrieking 4 to 1 on his chance, with few takers. Jenkins, however, managed to stay on his feet for three rounds. In the third he was on the ground when the gong announced the end of the round. He was carried to his corner by his husky seconds and propped up in his chair. His eyes were closed and both arms and legs were limp and useless.

"By dint of heroic treatment and copious doses of whiskey that would eat paint off an iron fence, he was restored to shape that permitted his standing up when the gong sounded a resumption of hostilities. In the meantime Brown had disdained the attentions of his seconds, and had even lighted a cigar during the two-minute rest. As the gong sounded he sauntered to the middle of the ring and gave a praiseworthy exhibition of buck and wing dancing.

"Poor Jenkins was away about with his arms to his sides and his eyes closed. He was 'out' except for the fact that he was still upright. Brown wound up his introduced vaudeville specialty with a cake walk, and then settled down to the serious business of the evening. Winking wickedly to his shouting followers he took a position about three paces from Jenkins. He bounded into the air like a wild beast and with a terrific rush he swung his right for his helpless victim's jaw. Unfortunately for Brown he also ducked his head as he delivered what was to be the last blow in the fight.

"The fates were kind to Jenkins. Just as Brown hurried himself through the air the groggy, beaten fighter unconsciously staggered out of harm's way. Brown plunged across the ring, past Jenkins and his pate hit full on one side of the cedar post with a force that well-nigh wrecked the ring. He rolled over on his back, and long after the count of ten he was still stretched out unconscious. He had knocked himself out, but Jenkins was the last one in the building to learn he had won. Jenkins has never since, as far as I know, had any pugilistic aspirations, although in this, his only fight, he was the victor."

This Week's Illustrations

He was only a bull calf, but he was an ornery one. He looked peaceful enough as he browsed by the roadside near Shenandoah, Pa., and he was docile until he saw a trio of bicyclists, two of which were bloomer girls, come riding along. Then the demon in him was aroused and he made for the tourists. Then there was a time. The bull calf won, and the artist will give you an idea as to how he did it.

A woman who lives in the suburbs of Denver, Col., went to a well in the rear of her house to draw a pail of water the other day. In her arms she held her eight-months-old baby. As she leaned over, her feet slipped on a wet stone and she and the child were plunged headlong into the depths. Strangely enough, neither were hurt, but they were wet through. The woman, standing in the shallow water, yelled for help, and in half an hour a neighbor heard her and she and her infant were rescued.

It takes a good deal of nerve to go up in a balloon, and according to a man who has been in the business for many years, one fall generally knocks all the spunk out of anyone. A woman made an ascent at a fair in California recently, and when she was several hundred feet up in the air the rope of the trapeze broke and she tumbled down, while 10,000 horror-stricken persons saw her fall to what they believed was certain death.

Her luck was with her that day, however, for she fell into a pond. She was unconscious when taken out, but was quickly resuscitated and is now ready for another trip to the skies.

STIFT TRIMMED LARRY TEMPLE.

At the American Athletic Club, Chicago, Oct. 20, Larry Temple took about as severe a beating at the hands of Billy Stift as it was possible for that sturdy heavy to administer in six rounds of fighting.

Stift outpointed Temple from start to finish, and although he failed to put the colored man away, succeeded in giving him a drubbing that will remain a painful memory for some time.

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ORDER OUR NEXT ISSUE IN ADVANCE---A GREAT SPORTING SUPPLEMENT IS GIVEN AWAY---DON'T MISS IT

WHAT ARE YOUR BEST FEATS?

ALL YOUNG AMERICAN ATHLETES REQUESTED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE POLICE GAZETTE.

What gymnasium events are the most popular?

This question is respectfully referred to the instructors as well as the pupils of the many athletic clubs throughout the country, and an early answer is requested.

What series of events would make the best kind of a tournament?

And in what events do most young athletes excel?

If Mr. Fox receives sufficient encouragement in the form of answering letters he will no doubt arrange to have a trophy made that will be emblematic of the amateur athletic championship and inaugurate a contest which will be open for general competition.

The young man who doesn't belong to a club may compete if he likes, and anyone may enter. It will be absolutely free.

There will be nothing for you to pay.

This is no money making enterprise.

The shimmer of the metal of which the emblem will be composed does not conceal a "gold brick."

The object is to stimulate and encourage sport—legitimately—and to make an amateur champion from the ranks of the young men who work for a living, and who take a pardonable pride in their finely developed muscles and their athletic abilities.

At some forge, driving some wagon, in some shop, on some farm, or in some store, there may be a champion. A modest sort of a fellow who doesn't know that he can excel all of his competing fellows.

He is the man we want to find.

And when he is found there will be no doubt that his future will be a most brilliant one, and that his prospects in life will be increased a hundred fold.

If you who read this would like to enter such a contest, if it can be arranged so that you would not have to leave your native town or city, all you have to do is to send us a postal card.

That will be sufficient.

Also send us the name of the instructor of your club, if you belong to one, or if you have no instructor send in the name of your president.

If you don't care for athletics be good enough to tell some of your friends who do about this coming contest and ask them to enter.

This is up to you now.

Tell us who you are, what you are and what you can do best in the athletic line.

Here are a list of events which might be suitable.

Look them over and let us know what you think of them.

Putting up 25-pound dumb-bell greatest number of times.

Putting up 10-pound dumb-bell greatest number of times.

Putting up 5-pound dumb-bell greatest number of times.

Putting up 1-pound dumb-bell greatest number of times.

Lifting the heaviest weight.

Holding at arm's length the heaviest weight.

Stretched at full length on floor putting up heaviest weight.

Standing jump.

Running jump.

Standing broad jump.

Running broad jump.

Pole vault.

Raising to chin on horizontal bar greatest number of times.

Raising to chin on rings greatest number of times.

Number of dips on parallel bars.

Putting 16-pound shot.

It's up to you, now.

A CAVALRYMAN ENTERS.

CHICKAMAUGA, Ga.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I am one of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen and have watched your physical culture contest for the past six or eight

months with a great deal of interest and must say it is the best inducement for young manhood to develop himself that was ever originated. Hoping my contribution will meet your approval and wishing every success to physical culture, I am sincerely,

FRANK L. WINNE,

Trumpeter, Troop F, 7th U. S. Cavalry.

FELTZ AND DOUGHERTY DRAW.

Danny Dougherty, of Philadelphia, and Tommy Feltz, of Savannah, fought twenty rounds to a draw at Savannah, Ga., Oct. 22. "Shorty" Jenkins refereed the

the end but came out with a rush in the other rounds.

The preliminaries resulted as follows: Young Veto got the decision over "Kid" Bass in six rounds, and Johnny Murray beat "Cyclone" Sweeney in a like distance. John Figg was the referee in the preliminaries and Jack Moffat judged the windup.

YOUNG ERNE AGAINST LENNY.

Eddie Lenny and Young Erne put up a slashing six-round battle at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 20. Erne was the aggressor from the sound of the bell, and in the first minute's fighting he succeeded in making Lenny rather tired, but did not improve his own condition. Toward the end of the

work than the fighters in his attempts to break them. In the third round Simms shot in a scorching to the stomach and Sietoff shot to the floor. He was up in a second, however, and evened things up with a straight left to the jaw. The blow cut Simms badly and he bled from that time to the end of the contest.

The fourth was without interest, but in the fifth the Chicagoan again drew blood by throwing his right to Simms' nose, knocking his opponent to the ropes and then to his knees. The sixth saw the same old clinching and rib hammering.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE SHOW.

Gene Lutz gave a very pleasant boxing show at his school of physical culture on Gilbert avenue, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O., recently. Sidney Whelen and Otto Blair made the best showing among the scholars. As a windup Lutz went on with Jack Martin, a local featherweight. They sparred three lively rounds, and were well received by the select crowd present.

MAYNARD AND RYAN DRAW.

Billy Maynard, of New York, met Billy Ryan, the Syracuse featherweight, in a six-round bout before the Ariel Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 17, which was declared a draw. Ryan's work was the more spectacular. Maynard's body blows, though, had force behind them, and in a finish affair would have been effective.

"KID" MCFADDEN KNOCKED OUT.

Eddie Hanlon knocked out "Kid" McFadden in the sixth round at the Reliance Club, of Oakland, Cal., Oct. 21. Hanlon proved much too clever for the brick-topped featherweight, and stopped his rushes with little trouble. After jabbing McFadden for five rounds and cutting his face badly, Hanlon watched his chance, crossed his right to the jaw and the fight was over.

KEARNS WON ON A FOUL.

Tim Kearns won on a foul from Jack Carrig, of Olean, N. Y., lightweight, at Chicago, on October 17 in the third round. The fight was slow and consisted principally of clinching. Carrig persisted in wrestling his opponent to the floor at every opportunity, and after warning him several times to desist from such tactics, the referee awarded the verdict to Kearns. Neither man had secured any advantage when the fight was stopped.

LOVE PUT AUSTIN OUT.

Tommy Love added another victim to his long list by knocking out Billy Austin in the second round at the Art Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 13. Austin was outclassed from the time he put up his hands, but notwithstanding this he pluckily fought on. Love landed a stinging right-hand uppercut after two minutes of the second round had been consumed. The punch stretched Austin full length on the floor, and it was useless for the referee to count the customary ten seconds.

SWEENEY AND BERGER DRAW.

Patsey Sweeney, of Boston, and Billy Berger boxed six remarkably clever and fast rounds in the windup at the Quaker City Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Oct. 8. Sweeney was perpetually after his man, and in the first three rounds, completely outclassed him. Berger, however, forced the boxing in the latter three, and had the best of them, finishing stronger than Sweeney. The bout was the best yet seen at this club, and the big crowd of spectators were divided as to who should have won in a longer battle.

CHILDS INJURED HIS ARM.

Jack Johnson was given the decision over Frank Childs, the Chicago heavyweight, in the twelfth round of their battle at Los Angeles, Cal., on Oct. 21. Childs dislocated his elbow, and his seconds threw up the sponge. The fight was terrific for every round it lasted. Both men waded right in to win in a punch, if possible, and they took all kinds of chances.

The dislocation of Childs' elbow was caused by a terrific swing, which caught Johnson on the head. It was sent for the jaw, but missed, being too high. Childs tried to continue fighting, but being plainly in great pain his seconds ended things by throwing a sponge in the ring.

CHALLENGES.

"Kid" Lackey, of Baltimore, wants to meet Tommy Love at 118 or 122 pounds in a twenty-round bout.

Billy Hartman, the Southwark, Pa., bantam, wants to meet any 110-pound boxer, Todo Moran preferred.

Dr. E. S. Naylor, of Wautoma, Wis., is the owner of Jim Corbett, a great trick bulldog. The doctor issues a challenge and will match his dog against any bulldog in America to do a standing broad jump. Such a contest ought to prove very interesting.

Charles Webber, the champion checker player of Greater New York, wishes to challenge anybody for a side bet from \$10 to \$50. Address, Fred Ruck, manager, 122 Melrose street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FINE HALF-TONE PICTURES

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Photo by Sarony: New York.

ADOLPH PITZ of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

go, which was held before Savannah Athletic Club. It was a running fight throughout. Dougherty adopting footwork after the third or fourth round to get away from the hot fighting that Tommy was handing out for him. The second round was Danny's, for he almost had Feltz out, following a straight left to the head that nearly felled him with other stiff punches that kept him groggy throughout the round. Feltz rallied, however, and both men were surprisingly fresh at the end of the twentieth round.

OUT WENT MONTGOMERY.

Charley Burns knocked out "Buck" Montgomery, the stock yards' pugilist, in the sixth round at the initial boxing show of the Garden City Club, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 20. The fight was fast and full of wild rushes and mix-ups. Montgomery was down from a right-hand swing in the first round. In the second and third rounds Montgomery held his own. Burns, who did not appear to be in the best of shape, tired toward

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round he opened a wound over Lenny's eye—a relic of his bout with Young Corbett—which worried the Chester boy to the finish.

Erne took all sorts of chances, and at times seemed to be fighting carelessly. In the third round his carelessness came within an ace of costing him dearly, for he caught a wallop on the jaw that nearly put him out of business. Beginning with the fourth round he showed better judgment and had the better of the exchanges from that on to the end.

In the semi-windup Danny Ward and Cub White boxed a draw. The preliminary bouts were between Billy Mooney and Eddie McCaffrey and Phil Logan and Freddy Freidler. Each went the limit.

SIMMS AND SIELOFF DRAW.

Art Simms and Otto Sietoff put up a rattling contest at the Milwaukee (Wis.) Boxing Club on Oct. 17, before a large crowd, which was declared a draw. The bout was limited to six rounds, and for the full distance the boxers kept chest to chest, each hammering away at his opponent's body with short-arm punches.

The first two rounds were a series of clinches, with a lot of kidney punching, and Referee Carroll did more

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT—A FINE PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE CRACK WRESTLERS



TOOK A HEADLONG PLUNGE.

A BEAUTIFUL AND DARING AERONAUT MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT IN CALIFORNIA,
BUT FALLS INTO A LAKE AND HAS A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.



BROUGHT TO GRIEF BY A BULL CALF.

AN OBSTINATE AND CONTRARY LITTLE BEAST AT SHENANDOAH, PA., WRECKS A PAIR OF WHEELS.



SHE HAD A CLOSE CALL.

VERY CURIOUS ACCIDENT WHICH RECENTLY OCCURRED TO A MOTHER AND BABE AT DENVER, COL.

'FRISCO CLUBS WILL BID LIVELY

—GREAT RIVALRY EXISTS BETWEEN THE PROMOTERS—

FOR CORBETT-McGOVERN FIGHT

George Gardiner of Lowell, Now a Heavyweight, Authorizes Alec Greggains to Match Him Against Fitz, Corbett or McCoy.

JORDAN WANTS TO FIGHT McGOVERN IN LONDON

Larry Temple's Origin---A Kitchen Boy in the Prize Ring---Benny Yanger Failed To Please Philadelphia Critics---Gossip and Small Talk.

Already considerable rivalry has developed among the San Francisco boxing clubs over the privilege of holding the forthcoming battle between Young Corbett and Terry McGovern. Between the accredited



TED. MILLER.

One-Armed Boxer and Bag Puncher of Angola, N. Y., Who Wants a Fight.

New York representatives of the hustling promoters who are bidding for the match and the presence of some of the latter themselves, matters are being made pretty lively, and Sam Harris, anticipating some lively bidding, may be depended upon to hold out for all there is in the way of value for the match. The most recent arrival along the "Great White Way," as the Rialto is now called, is Maurice Levy, manager of the Hayes Valley Athletic Club, of San Francisco, which has a permit to conduct a boxing show in December.

"I am anxious to secure the bout," said Levy. "We can guarantee the purse and that the boys can meet without interference. I have come East for business, and hope to clinch some good matches."

Alec Greggains, who has been very successful in promoting boxing shows on the coast, has instructed his Eastern representative to secure the match in the face of any and all opposition. Greggains would come on to New York and do the business himself, but he is finding his time pretty well occupied just now trying to get dates for his club. Already the managers are at loggerheads over the permits. Only one boxing show a month is allowed, and the promoters have to do a lot of scheming to get dates. The Yosemite Club is battling pretty lively for its rights. The club has made all necessary arrangements for bringing off the Erne-Britt fight in November, but Greggains has been laying his wires with the supervisors to "cop" the permit for that month for the San Francisco A. C. Recently Jimmy Britt made the Yosemite Club put up a forfeit of \$1,000 that it would pull off its fight in November. Some one must have tipped it off to Britt that Greggains was scheming to get the date, and he thereby protected himself with a forfeit.

Greggains wants the date for a match which he is trying to arrange between George Gardiner, the Lowell welter-heavyweight, and either Jim Corbett or Bob Fitzsimmons. Greggains offered the match to Corbett the other day and this was his reply:

"I will not consider second raters. Will fight nobody but the champion."

After this had been received Greggains made an appeal to Harry Corbett to get his brother to meet Gardiner.

"I don't think you need bother yourself with Jim," said Harry. "He is now filling an engagement of forty-two weeks at \$1,000 a week as the star attraction of a vaudeville show. His contract will carry him along until the last of April, when he will go into training for the expected battle with Jeffries for the championship of the world."

"Well, if I can't get Corbett I'll have to look after Fitzsimmons," responded Greggains. "I spoke to him some time ago, and he promised to give Gardiner a battle. Fitz will be on the road for some time, however, and I suppose I will have to wait his pleasure. I am willing to make a match with McCoy, but I think he is not sincere in his talk."

That is the situation at the time of writing. McCoy would be a logical opponent for Gardiner, but—give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him, and the "Kid's" penchant for throwing people down has made the managers "jealous" of doing business with him. He and Gardiner ought to make a great fight if they meet.

Again Ben Jordan, the conqueror of George Dixon, looms up as an opponent for Terry McGovern in a battle to decide the featherweight championship of the world. Jordan, learning that when Young Corbett defeated Terry the weights were 126 pounds, declines to recognize the Denverite as the American featherweight champion, and believing McGovern to be the legitimate holder of that title offers to fight him for the world's championship, and he has induced the National Sporting Club, of London, to offer a purse of \$2,500 for a twenty-round encounter. He stipulates the weight to be 122 pounds. The amount offered is too insignificant to talk about were it not for the fact that the opportunities for fighting in this country were narrowed down to one or two cities. However, as Jordan manifests an inclination to bet a thousand or two on the side, it might be to his interest to come over here and fight where the least sum offered would be \$5,000.

The latest sensation in fistic circles is Larry Temple, a burly young negro, who fought Mike Donovan, the sturdy Rochester middleweight, the other night. Temple has been meeting all comers in his division, and with the exception of a setback at the hands of Billy Stitt, he has had no difficulty in disposing of his antagonists within a few rounds. His origin as a prizefighter was shrouded in mystery until Dick Howell, of Bridgeport, who is a veritable encyclopedia of fistic knowledge, dug up his pedigree. According to Howell, Temple worked in a hotel kitchen on Broadway, frequented by George Dixon and Joe Walcott. He liked boxing and was always observing and what he learned he stored away in his head for future use. Finally he told his boss that he'd rather fight than work in the kitchen, and after trying him out with some trial horses at private bouts Larry was placed in the stable. So it happened that Larry was with that bunch of boxers that was training at Capt. Bond's in Stratford, Conn., a year and a half ago. "Kid" Broad, Joe Walcott, Bill Hanrahan and Art Simms were at Bond's then and Temple was helping around the place, boxing and doing all sorts of stunts, learning the business and waiting for his time to come. The only time I ever saw him box outside of his "gym" work was one night in July, 1901, when he met Jim Burke in a preliminary bout at the Park City Theatre, Bridgeport. Temple made a rush for Burke the moment the gong sounded. He landed one blow—his right—and down went Burke—dead out. And that is the way Larry has been doing in everyone of his scraps since.

Temple is not what you would call clever. Especially is this true of his feet. He is a good deal of a flat foot yet, but with such tactics as he pursues, rushing right in after an opponent, I don't know that it makes much difference about the feet. Still, it remains to be seen what Larry would do with a man who could keep him away with a straight left jab. So far no one has been able to keep him away with any sort of a punch. He goes on the plan that he is willing to take all the other fellow has in the way of punches in order to land one of his own, and when that one lands the scrap is all over. Temple is now just about the same as Jim Jeffries was three years ago, in regard to being awkward.

It's a pretty severe handicap on a fighter to go into an opponent's home town and fight, and he is pretty sure to get the severest kind of criticism if he fails to put his man down and out. It is therefore not surprising that Benny Yanger's failure to "drop" Tim Callahan the other night, in a six-round bout, excited a lot of talk reflecting on the Chicagoan's ability to fight. In the first place, Callahan lives in Philadelphia, has done about all his fighting there and is well liked by the local patrons of boxing and the so-called critics. Yanger was a stranger, making his first bow to an unfriendly audience. He had the additional misfortune to be the challenger of Terry McGovern and Young Corbett, and his claim of eligibility for such a distinction occasioned added hostility. In the West Yanger has some reputation as a hard hitter, and rejoices in a de-

YOUNG CORBETT, McGOVERN.

As well as many records of pugilistic stars will be found in the old reliable "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." Price, 10 cents, mailed to your address. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York City.

cision over Young Corbett. He is matched to meet Terry McGovern in Chicago at a future date, and there was much curiosity to see what showing he would make against a trial horse of the calibre of Callahan. Here is what a local writer said:

"The Philadelphian used all his resources in the way of side-stepping and feinting, and although the stocky Chicagoan rushed and swung continuously he failed to land effectively within the limit."

"Callahan had no difficulty in jabbing his man in the face, and also succeeded in avoiding the knockout blows turned loose by 'The Slasher.' It was a lively and interesting six rounds, but at the close neither had gained a decisive advantage and had a decision been rendered it would have been a draw."

If they are willing to concede that Yanger was entitled to a draw I am satisfied that he really won by the length of a city block. Outsiders don't get any the best of it in Philadelphia.

Young Corbett seems determined to carry the war into the enemy's camp. Notwithstanding the strenuous antagonism which developed in Connecticut as the result of his efforts to fight Terry McGovern in that State, Corbett has matched himself to fight Austin Rice within the sacred precincts and is waiting to see what effect it will have upon the people who operated so successfully a few months ago. Contrary to expectations, Secretary Thrasher, of the Law and Order League, is not meeting with the support he expected in his attempt to prevent the fight. It is the general opinion that the influence of the League could be better employed.

One Hartford clergyman received a letter from Mr. Thrasher calling his attention to the coming bout and asking him to take measures to stop it. With the letter also came a paper, with an account of a contest in which Young Corbett figured recently, carefully marked. It is understood that most of the clergymen in the city received similar documents. None of them at present shows evidences of any desire to interfere, believing that the authorities are perfectly able to cope with the situation. The Rev. Father Gleeson, one of the best known clergymen in the State, says:

"It is not my duty to prevent a thing of this kind, and I hold it entirely outside of the province of a clergyman to take the law in hand. If the contest is contrary to law the authorities are the ones to look after such things."

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien is now meeting a bunch of fourth class heavyweights for the ostensible purpose of becoming familiar with the sight of big men in front of him, so that when he emerges from the middleweight division and becomes a contender for real heavyweight honors the appearance of huge muscular giants in the ring will not have a tendency to frazzle his nerves before he gets warmed up to action. His victim the other night was Jim Jeffords, who just managed to stay the limit of six rounds. As usual Jeffords started in with a rush, but O'Brien met his attack with a hard straight jab that soon stopped Jeffords' rushes. O'Brien kept playing his jab in good style, and then he whipped his right to the Californian's jaw and he went down. Jeffords was up in quick order and did not look to be any the worse of this punch. In the second round O'Brien kept on jabbing Jeffords' face and landed at will. Jeffords started to rush, but a hard



TONY PATARA.

Amateur Featherweight of St. Louis, Mo., Willing to Meet Anyone in his Class.

left hook on the jaw again put him down. Jeffords was up again very quickly, and in a rapid exchange O'Brien opened a cut under Jeffords' eye and it bled very badly. The third round was almost a repetition of the second, and O'Brien had Jeffords tired in the fourth. The Philadelphian started to work on the body in the fifth, but Jeffords came back strongly, and during this round he made his best showing. O'Brien had Jeffords all at sea in the last round, and his foot work was of the

quickest kind. Jeffords' eye was bleeding badly and greatly hindered him. O'Brien dropped Jeffords again, and this time he had to take the full count.

And now on the eve of the beginning of the indoor sporting season Chicago boxing promoters are chafing under the probable restraint which will be put upon their efforts to provide fistic amusement for their patrons. It is rumored in some quarters that no more boxing shows will be permitted. Mayor Carter Harrison has declared that the matter of stopping boxing contests is up to Chief of Police O'Neill. He says that the resolution passed by the Board of Aldermen prohibited clubs from holding sparring exhibitions to which an admission is charged.

Meanwhile the American Athletic Club is widely advertising bouts as fierce as any that ever took place at Tattersall's. The chief of police says that if tickets are sold at the entrance to the building he will stop all shows. He further says that the presentation of tickets at the door will not be sufficient evidence that an admission has been charged. He declares, however, that he proposes to investigate the charge that the exhibitions are given for profit.

It is alleged in political circles that the bouts are protected by two city officials who are using their influence to meet the demands of the Democratic candidates that the administration "loosen up on the sporting element."

The whole thing is probably a "strike" and can be patched up by generous contributions to somebody's pocket. That this will be done is obvious, but meanwhile the promoters remain anxious and unsettled.

SAM AUSTIN.

FITZGERALD AND SIMMS DRAW.

The twenty-round battle between Willie Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, one of Young Corbett's late sparring partners, and Art Simms, of Akron, O., who was one of Terry McGovern's helpers, brought a fairly big crowd to the National Athletic Club's arena, at New Britain, Conn., on October 23. The men were to weigh 135 pounds at the ringside, and both were within the limit.

Throughout the entire bout the fighting was fast and clever. Simms was the quickest, but his opponent was by far the stronger. In the second round Fitzgerald was almost knocked through the ropes, but he came back quickly.

The last round was opened in a hurricane fashion. Fitzgerald got his left on the face, and Simms placed a light right on the mouth. They finally met in the center of the ring and mixed things lively until the gong sounded. The referee's decision was a draw, which was satisfactory to the spectators. It was conceded to be the best fight ever seen in the vicinity.

O'BRIEN WHIPS JEFFORDS.

Jim Jeffords, the California heavyweight, took an awful grueling from "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Oct. 23. The bout went the required six rounds, but at no stage of the game did Jeffords have a look-in with the shifty middleweight.

All through the bout O'Brien used a left hand jab and right hook with telling effect, and Jeffords took to the canvas four times, once for the count, from O'Brien's right hooks. Both men were in the best of condition. Jeffords looked to be about ten pounds to the good in weight and three inches taller than O'Brien, while he also had a longer reach.

The fight started in a hurricane fashion. They had not been fighting more than a half a minute when O'Brien dropped Jeffords with a right hook on the body.

In the second round O'Brien was all over his man and Jeffords hit the canvas again after a right hook. In this round O'Brien landed enough blows to put a man of his own weight to sleep, but they only jarred Jeffords, who came back for more.

In the third round Jeffords started in hurricane style but the steam was taken out of him by several hard rights on the face and body.

In the sixth round O'Brien dropped Jeffords again with a right hook, and to save himself the Californian was required to hold on.

NEW RECORDS.

Bowling---John Menard, at Los Angeles, Oct. 18, broke the coast record for bowling in competition by making the remarkable score of 287. The previous California record was 277.

At Savannah, Ga., Oct. 21, "Little Joe" Nelson lowered the five-mile bicycling record of the world, single paced, going the distance in 8:35, an average gait of 1:23 to the mile. His second mile was made in 1:22 and the finishing mile in 1:21.

RING EVENTS.

Jimmy Davenport, the Boston boxer, was defeated in fifteen rounds by Billy Gordon, of Hartford, in Liverpool recently.

Dick O'Brien received the decision over Billy Payne at the end of the eighth round at Norombega Athletic Club, Bangor, Me., recently.

TONY PATARA.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Tony Patara is a promising young featherweight of St. Louis, Mo. He is willing to meet any amateur in the country. He is managed by Harry Caldwell.

TED MILLER.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Ted Miller, of Angola, N. Y., is a clever one-armed boxer who claims to be the champion in his class. He can make 123 pounds at the ringside. One-armed boxers are requested to send their letters to this office.

BONAVITA'S LIONS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

One of the features of Frank C. Bostock's show at St. Nicholas Gardens, New York city, is Bonavita and his trained lions. These animals are remarkable in more ways than one and have excited interest wherever they have appeared.

CUT RATES IN SPORTING BOOKS

You can have your choice of two for 25 cents, "Life of James J. Corbett," "American Champions," "Black Champions," "Life of John L. Sullivan."

\$1.00 PAYS FOR POLICE GAZETTE FOR 13 WEEKS DELIVERED DIRECT TO YOUR ADDRESS---SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

IS THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR

DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

Send Your Queries to Us if You Desire Knowledge Upon Any Subject Appertaining to Cards, Sport, War, Etc.

UP-TO-DATE WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers---No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions---We Like to Hear From You.

B. E. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—Dec. 28, 1898.
J. P., Spring Street, New York City.—It is a dead hand.

W. H. E., Foreman, Ark.—Your question was answered in full in POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1313.

I. B., Hotel Kepper, Quebec.—Joe Youngs' record can be found in the 1900 edition of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

O. H., Lancaster, Pa.—Three-handed seven-up; A is dealer and B is begging; can A give B out if B makes a trick?.....No.

E. W. C., Cantrall, Ill.—Cribbage: A plays 2; B plays 4; A plays 1; B plays 3 and claims a run of 4; who wins?.....It is a run of four.

L. J., Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tell me the occupation of Louis Cyr, the recognized strongest man in the world?.....Professional showman.

G. T., West Hoboken, N. J.—A, B and C are playing euchre; A leads a spade; B did not trump it, but threw off; A claims that B must trump it?.....A is wrong.

W. A. H., Jr., Freehold, N. J.—A bets B that C will not carry — township by 225. What is your idea of what the foregoing means?.....225 over the nearest opponent.

F. F. O'G., Butte, Mont.—Did Dal Hawkins ever win a championship at any weight?.....No—recognized championship. May have called himself "featherweight champion of California."

J. L. M., Utica, Mont.—Pitch; A has one to go, and B has three to go; B bids three and makes low, jack, game; A plays high and claims he is out; B claims he made three and his hand counts first?.....High wins.

G. & H., Neame, La.—Who won the last fight between Corbett and Jeffries? Where was the battle fought?.....You evidently don't get the POLICE GAZETTE very regularly. They fought at Coney Island and Jeffries won.

G. W. K., Laramie, Wyo.—B and K throwing poker dice, using one die; K throws ten spot; B bets \$5 that he will beat it; B throws and throws ten spot; K claims B loses as he didn't beat it; B claims it is a tie and he has another throw. Who wins?.....B loses.

E. H. B., Goldendale, Wash.—Freeze out for drinks; suppose A has ten checks, and B has five checks, and C has ten checks; can A and C bet the extra five checks on the side, or is it a showdown for

Anxious.—Two-handed pinochle; can a man meld 240 at once?.....No.

Subscriber, Sacramento, Cal.—Which hand does Fitzsimmons knock his man out with?.....Either one.

L. M. B., Port Orange, Fla.—We do not know anything about the firm as bookmakers. They may be interested, however.

G. C., New York.—How much money do they get in those bouts in Philadelphia?.....Depends upon the drawing qualities of the fighters.

F. B. M., Portland, Me.—Auction pitch: A has 5; B 3; C 6; A offered 3 and made 3 points, high, jack and game; C had low; who wins?.....C wins.

Subscriber, Cleveland, O.—A bets B that a man can give a point in seven-up without a trump?.....Sure. Clean writing paper must be scarce in your locality.

G. W., Nat. Mil. Home, Marion, Ind.—What is the best time ever made by a New York Central train running from New York to Chicago?.....About nineteen hours.

F. S. S., Bethlehem, Pa.—Auction pitch, eleven points; A has eight points; B has ten; A bids three and makes low, jack and game and B makes high. Who goes out?.....B.

J. A. S., Boston, Mass.—We cannot publish their records. THE POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL is only 10 cents and it contains all those records you mentioned, with but one exception, and he's a lobster.

F. T., Marine City, Mich.—A breaks a jack-pot; B stays; A calls for one card; B discards three cards and calls for one; the card is laid on the table; then he looks at his hand and calls for two more; is he entitled to them?.....Yes.

Reader, Toledo, O.—Poker; A opens jackpot; B stays; it is A's first bet; A says, "That's good;" B shows two treys; A shows two queens; who wins?.....B doesn't show his hand until A relinquishes his claim to the pot, so the latter loses, of course.

T. B., Vicksburg, Miss.—A and B shaking poker dice; A lost \$500; B wins; A took three aces and B had to beat it in three dashes, which B did; A went down the street and met a friend, who told him he had the worst of it; he bet his friend that he didn't?.....A had the best of it, if aces were high.

H. T., Chicago.—Poker; A opens pot with 3 threes; B raises with aces up; A stands raise; A says to dealer, "Give me two cards;" and gets them; B says nothing but discards one card and dealer deals him off one card;

Young Saxe was afraid of his opponent, and at the beginning of the second round he fell to the floor. The fake was evident, and Referee Roche ordered him to continue the round. Saxe complied, but quit a minute later, and the referee called the match off.

SULLIVAN LOST ON A FOUL.

In a twenty-round boxing contest before the West End Club of St. Louis, on Oct. 22, between "Brooklyn Tommy" Sullivan and Joe Sherlock, of Chicago, Sullivan knocked Sherlock out in the second round by a blow below the belt. The referee awarded the decision to Sherlock because of the foul blow.

WON ON A FOUL.

Lawrence Lutz got the decision over "Buck" Stelzer on a foul in the fifteenth round of their bout at Beaver Falls, Pa., recently. Stelzer landed several blows in the pit of Lutz's stomach in a clinch. In the preliminary Jimmy Dunn, of New Castle, beat Frank Newman, of Rochester, Pa., in two rounds.

YANGER-CALLAHAN BOUT.

While no decision was given at the Callahan-Yanger fight before the Penn. Art Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 22, yet Callahan seemed to have the best of it. He looked bigger than his opponent, but the Chicagoan was active and muscular. After the handshake Yanger quickly sent his left to the neck, Tim jabbing the face. Then they mixed it up, Callahan getting to the jaw and sending a left to the face.

The second round was all in favor of Callahan, whose objective point was the face of his antagonist, and upon this he left many an impression. The third round was opened with the exchange of lefts on face. Then as they came together Callahan uppercut. He followed this up with a hard rap on the jaw, but Yanger came back with a smash on the wind and a rattling blow on the ear.

Yanger began the fourth round with a left to the jaw, and a clinch ensued. Callahan got left to eye, and there was another clinch. Then Yanger rushed, but missed and they clinched once more. Both fought as hard as they knew how. The last round brought out the reserve power of both boys, and the result was a lively mixup. At the end Callahan was the stronger.

The first pair were Phil Logan and Maxey Haugh. They went the limit of six rounds, Logan having a slight advantage at the close.

"Little Mississippi" and "Kid" Regan furnished the second bout. Toward the end of the first round "Mississippi" gave Regan a right-hander on the jaw, sending him to the floor, where he was counted out.

Charley Mulhall and "Kid" Williams were the third pair. They had a lively six rounds, with honors even.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Al Neill and Tommy Reilly will meet in Seattle on December 10.

Frank Neal, the well-known California bantam, who went to Australia some months ago, has returned to San Francisco.

Jimmy Barry, the ex-champion bantam, who several times has retired from the ring, wants to meet any 105-pound boxer in the country.

John L. Sullivan celebrated his forty-second birthday recently and was the recipient of a number of congratulations and gifts from his friends.

Al Neill means to try his hands on some of the Eastern boxers. He will try to arrange meetings with Twin Sullivan, Jimmy Iandier or Patsy Sweeney.

Jack McKenna, who formerly managed Abe Attell, has opened a cafe in St. Louis. Jack has christened his place "The Combat." He will make his home in St. Louis hereafter.

Harry Ware, the English bantam champion, announces his retirement from the ring. Ware is now the proprietor of a public house at Great Linford, Buckinghamshire, England.

A purse of \$2,500 has been offered by the National Sporting Club, of London, for a fight between Terry McGovern and Ben Jordan. The conditions are twenty rounds at 122 pounds.

Billy Meyer, the "Streator Cyclone," who fought Jack McAuliffe twice for the championship of the lightweight division, is now superintendent of the Harlem race track in Chicago.

Jack McClelland, the featherweight boxer, is open to meet any fighter in the country at 126 pounds, and to show that he means business he will wager a side bet as large as his opponent desires.

Tommy Feltz is challenged for another bout by Ike Cohen, the bantam who recently boxed him a draw in Boston. This time he wants to go twenty rounds at 115 pounds and has backing up to \$500.

Terry McGovern wants to match Eddie Cain against Charley Slegar for \$1,000. If the bout is arranged it is likely to be anywhere from six to twenty-five rounds and the winner will be ready to tackle Joe Gans.

Al Herford has unearthed a 105 pounder in the person of Jimmy Farren, whom he thinks is the "goods." He is willing to wager a few "beans" that his new man can defeat any of the 105-pound boys on the face of the earth.

INVENT A DRINK

BARTENDERS, AND

GET A GOLD MEDAL

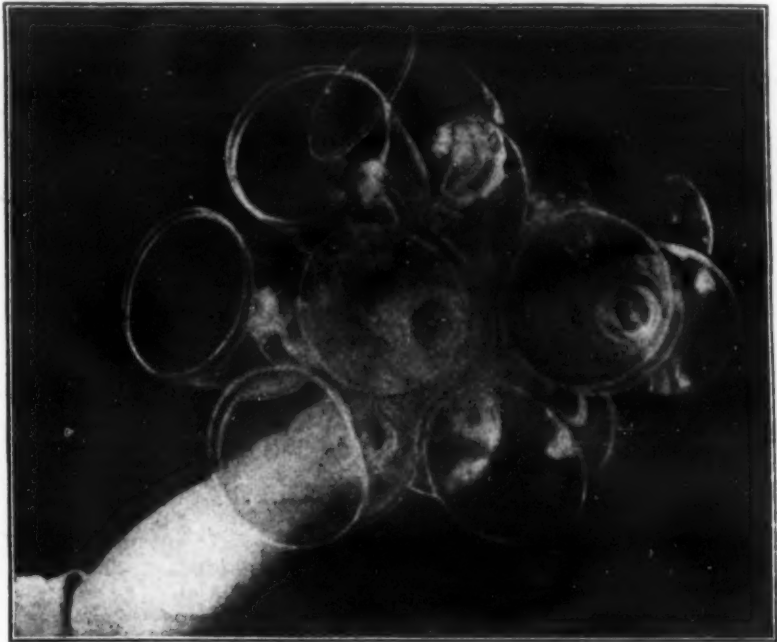
Use Your Brains and Be a 1902 Champion.

MONEY PRIZES, TOO.

There Are No Restrictions Here, All Bartenders Can Come In.

You are requested, after you have written out your best recipe and entered it in the bartender's contest, to have your photograph taken in your bar clothes for this column.

We want to get as many interesting pictures as



CAN YOU DO THIS?

Henry Joseph of Cincinnati, Ohio, Holding Nine Stem Glasses in One Hand in Upright Position to be Filled.

possible and would like to have every barman, who is interested in this column, contribute something that would attract the attention of the other fellows.

This week there is a novel picture which was posed for by Henry Joseph, of Twelfth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, O.

It shows him holding nine stem glasses in an upright position ready to be filled.

Can you beat this?

Try it, and, if you can, have a photograph taken, too. But don't forget the recipes.

We want this contest to be a record breaker in more ways than one.

We have started it by offering a better and costlier medal than ever before.

It cost \$75.00 to make, so you can imagine the price if it was purchased at a store.

The second prize is \$25.00 in gold.

You wouldn't refuse that, would you?

The third prize is \$15.00 in gold.

How many bartenders earn more than that for a week's work.

The fourth prize, the smallest of all, is worth having—\$10.00 in gold.

Even that is worth trying for.

We don't ask you to cut any coupons, or to subscribe, although when it comes to that you couldn't use a dollar to better advantage than by subscribing for thirteen weeks to a paper that devotes a good deal of space to your interests and which offers you handsome prizes every year.

If you are an up-to-date bartender you want to keep posted on this contest, don't you?

Then if you are on our books you are sure of getting a paper every week.

And, incidentally, we give premiums to all subscribers. You may have a list of them for the asking.

SOME RECIPES JUST RECEIVED.

PRINCE HENRY COCKTAIL.

(By Jas. E. Malloy, Hotel Somerset Bar, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.)

Use mixing glass; one dash Calisaya bitters; one-half portion French Vermouth; one-half portion Gordon gin; small dash Ansette; ice; stir and strain into cocktail glass.

SCHLEY HIGH BALL.

(By Joe Engelken, Born's Hotel, 123rd Street and Third Avenue, New York City.)

Take a large mixing glass; three dashes of gum; three dashes Orange Curacao; one jigger of brandy; fill glass with ice; strain in a large, thin glass and add a bottle of Club soda; pineapple or orange on top, with a little claret; serve with straws.

FITZSIMMONS--JEFFRIES

We still have a few copies left of the Double Supplement—Jeffries and Fitzsimmons in the ring. Order now if you want one. 10c. each, mailed to your address rolled in a tube.



DR. E. S. NAYLOR AND HIS DOGS.

He's a Sport and Dog Fancier of Wautoma, Wis., and is Out With a Challenge.

Be first five; must A and C bet the extra five on the side if they have the hand and the smallest hand lose? A and C can bet the extra checks.

Hawson Pitch, Providence, R. I.—I have been requested by the Frog Hollow Auction Pitch Club to ask you to decide the following fierce jumble: A game of auction pitch is in progress; the rule being, "Bid to the board, every man for himself and no kitty;" two players go out, leaving Owney Gagon and Eph Greene bidding one point each to go, and Owney's deal; Eph bids, by bidding three points, and pitches the ace of clubs, and also makes the jack and game, thus giving him three points, while Owney holds the low; which of the two goes out first?.....Eph wins.

A bets; B says, "Give me three cards now;" A makes protest; has B a right to draw three cards then?.....No.

GARDNER TOO MUCH FOR SAXE.

The Gardner-Saxe bout at Bellows Falls, Vt., Oct. 23, resulted in a fizzle. Young Saxe showing a yellow streak and deliberately quitting. Gardner forced the fighting. From the beginning it was evident that

FIGHTING DOGS

Can be trained by anybody who owns "The Dog Pit," published by Richard K. Fox. It costs twenty-five cents, but it's worth more.

THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST IS BOOMING. THERE'S A CHANCE FOR ANY MIXOLOGIST TO WIN THE MEDAL



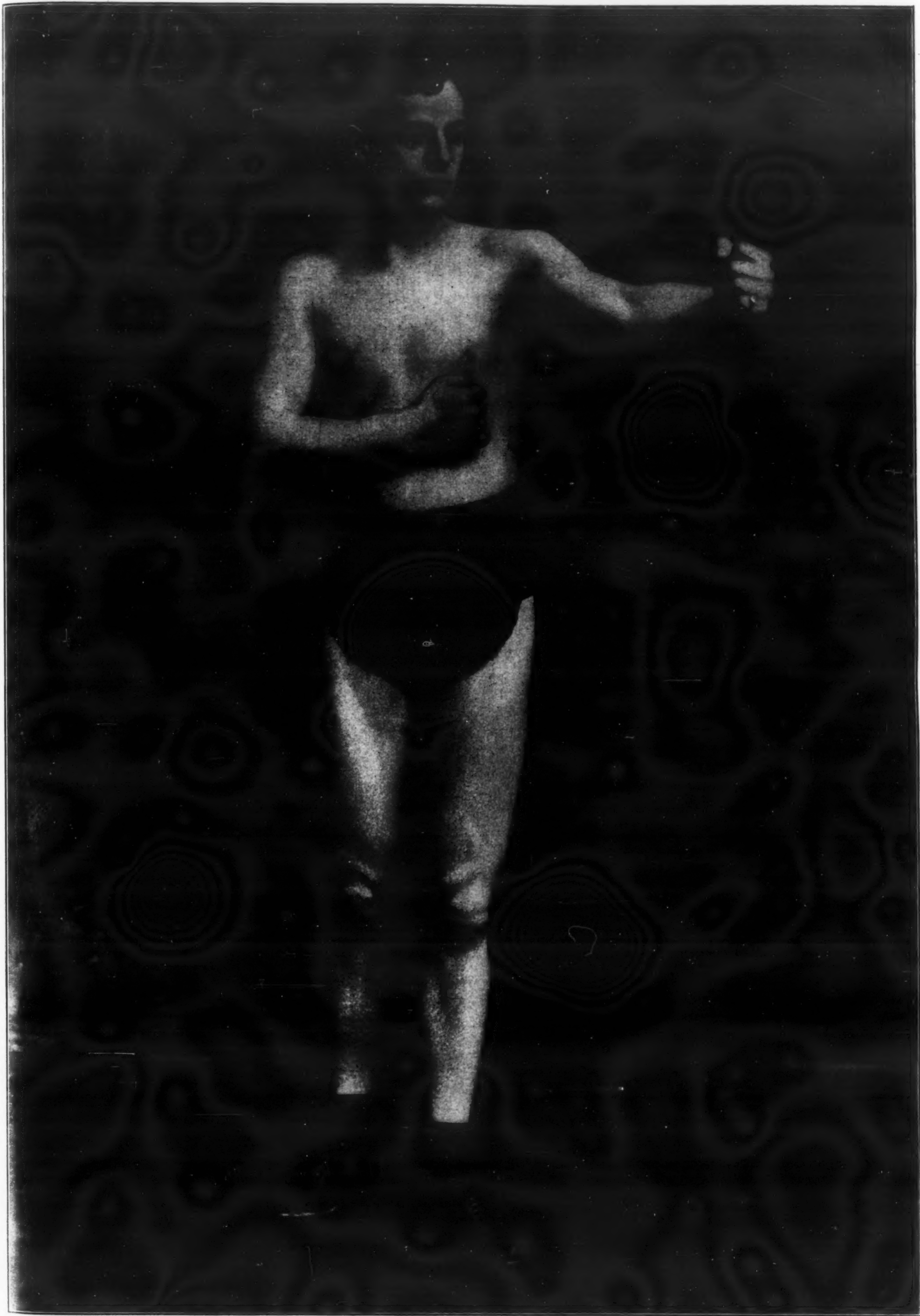
THESE ARE REAL CHAMPIONS.

THE STURDY AND UP-TO-DATE MEMBERS OF THE OREOS FOOTBALL TEAM OF ASBURY PARK, N. J., WHO HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN SCORED AGAINST IN MANY SEASONS.



CAPT. BONAVITA AND HIS LIONS.

THIS INTREPID ANIMAL TRAINER IS ONE OF THE FEATURES AT FRANK C. BOSTOCK'S SHOW AT THE ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN, COLUMBUS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



MARVIN HART.

THE SCIENTIFIC MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXER OF LOUISVILLE, KY., WHO IS SCHEDULED TO MEET KID McCOY AT FORT ERIE, CANADA, ON NOVEMBER 10.

WELL-KNOWN SALOONMEN

W. J. Carroll, Proprietor of the Howard House, Flushing, L. I.



W. J. Carroll is the genial and well-known proprietor of the Howard House, at 58 Main street, Flushing, L. I. Billy, as he is known by his many friends, is an ardent admirer of sports, has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity and a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE.

PERSONALS.

P. Donohue is the proprietor of a neat place at 155 West street, Rochester, N. Y., and does a prosperous business.

Fred Wegner's place at 343 Jefferson street, Milwaukee, Wis., is popular with the German residents of that city.

John F. Seitz has a swell place at 800 East Market street, Louisville, Ky., which is well patronized by the sporting fraternity.

At Jefferson avenue and Second street, Detroit, Mich., T. J. Wilkins has a neat resort where visitors are always welcome.

Otto Shoni, well-known saloonman of West Seneca, N. Y., does a prosperous business and has many friends in that section.

If you want the best goods in the market call on E. G. Newcomb at Greensboro, N. C., where you will find a genial and entertaining host.

Thomas Miller, the expert accountant, better known as the "Globe Trotter," is now holding forth as clerk of the Carver Hotel at Sharon, Pa.

Herman D. Klehn is a popular liquid dispenser and a favorite with the patrons of the Hotel Essex, Broadway and Oak street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dealers should order their winter supply of Evans' Ale and Stout NOW and avoid the risk and delay of cold weather shipments. C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.

WILEY AND WILLOUGHBY DRAW.

Max Wiley, the Rochester, N. Y., lightweight wrestler, and Walter Willoughby, wrestled nearly two hours in the Olympic Athletic Club, at Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 22. Neither man gaining a fall at the end of that time, the contest was declared a draw by Referee McBride. The contest was a grueling one.

TEMPLE BETTER THAN DONOVAN.

Larry Temple made amends for his defeat at the hands of Billy Sift by outpointing Mike Donovan, of Rochester, a slashing good middleweight, at the Ariel Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 24. It was one of the fastest fights ever seen at that club. From the first round until the finish of the sixth the colored lad did most of the leading and landed more often and harder than his white opponent.

Temple landed a right swing in the last round and Donovan went down, but was not required to take the count. Donovan was badly punished about the body, and upon examination after the fight it was found that one of his ribs on the right side had been broken.

In the preliminaries "Kid" Logan had the better of Maxey Haugh, "Kid" Stein stopped Joe Javole and Tom Wallace bested "Cyclone Jack" O'Brien.

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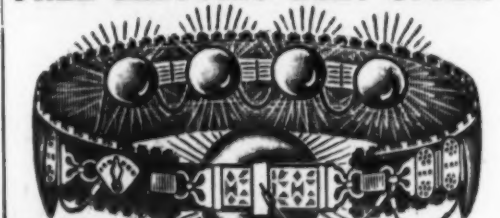
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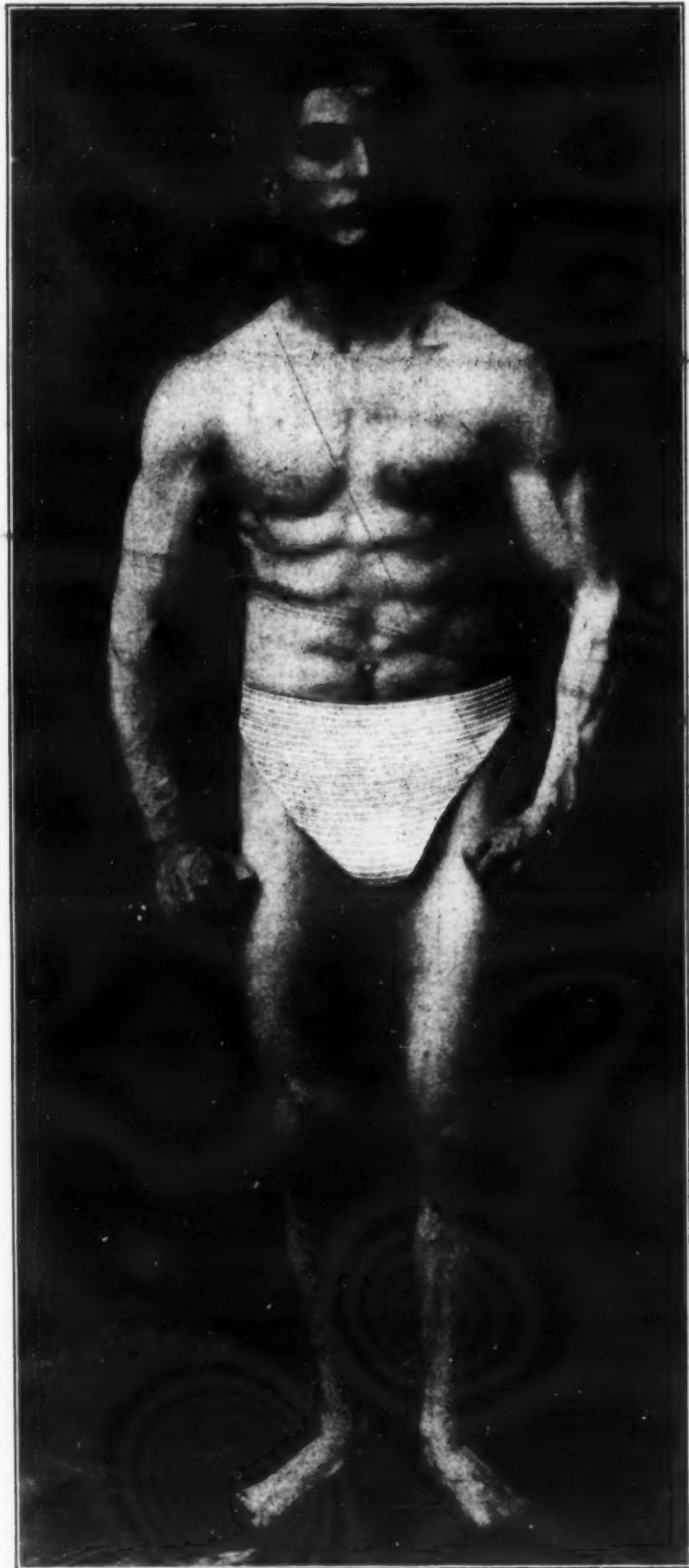
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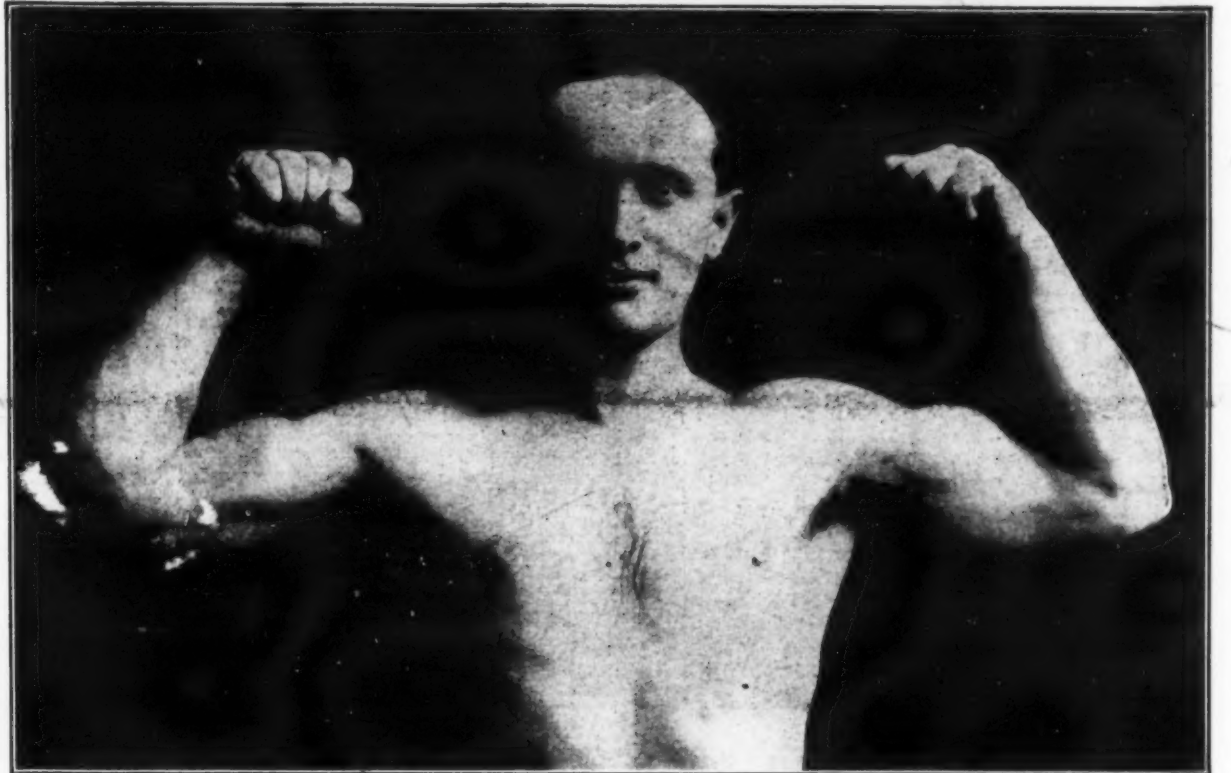
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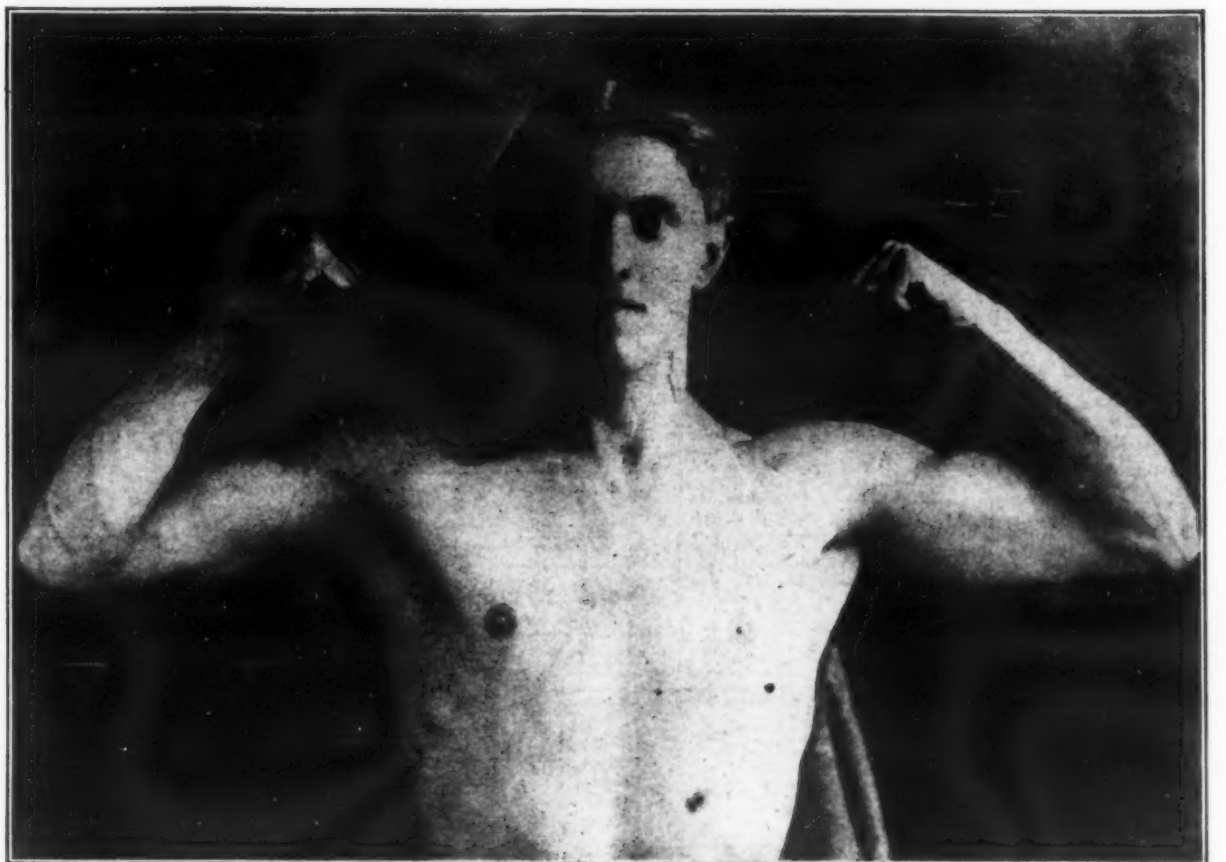
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